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POEMS

BY THE LATE

MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS,

AUTHOR OF

“WHAT HAS BEEN.”—“MORNING’S AMUSEMENTS.”

“LESSONS OF TRUTH,” &c.

“Sad is my Song.”

Dedicated by Permission to

THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS
FITZWILLIAM.

MADAM,

IT is impossible to receive so distinguished
an Honour as that which you have conferred on me, and
not experience the warmest Sensations that Gratitude can
inspire. I beg your Ladyship to believe I must cease to
exist ere I cease to feel, and to acknowledge myself,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most devoted,

Most obliged,

And very humble Servant,

E. K. MATHEWS.

764398

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ELEGIAC LINES

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

THE AUTHOR,

ELIZA KIRKHAM MATHEWS,

Who died May 25, 1802.



THOUGH no funereal grandeur swell my song,
Nor genius eagle-plum'd the strain prolong,
Though grief, and nature here alone combine,
To weep, Eliza, o'er a fate like thine;
Yet thy fond prayer still lingering on my ear,
Shall force its way through many a gushing tear.

And art thou gone ? my valued wife, my *friend*,
And have my hopes already met their end ;
Since she who grac'd them from my bosom fled,
To crowd the cavern'd mansions of the dead.
Yes ! all that form'd a husband's anxious smile,
All that the vacant moment could beguile,
Those eyes which shew'd the torrent of the mind,
Are ever dormant, to the tomb consign'd.
Though withering sickness mark'd thee in the womb,
And form'd thy cradle but to form thy tomb,
Yet like a flower she bade thee reach thy prime,
The fairer victim for the stroke of time.

When even sleep, sweet sleep, refused thy call,
Sleep, that with cool refreshment, strengthens all,
When till the morn, thine eyes, unclos'd and damp,
Trac'd thy sad semblance in the glimmering lamp ;
When from thy face each blooming relic fled,
Where hope might flatter with reluctant tread,

Sill darting forward from thy weight of woe,
Thy *mind*, with all its energy, would glow.
Oh! when these eyes ferrenely saw thee wait,
The last long separating stroke of fate ;
When I beheld thy agonizing pain,
Call'd on thy voice to greet me but in vain.
When o'er thy lips I watch'd thy falt'ring breath,
When louder grief proclaim'd thy presence—death :
Through every vein an icy horror chill'd,
Colder than marble then my bosom thrill'd.

The muse that saw thy opening beauties spread,
That lov'd thee living shall lament thee dead :
Ye graceful virtues, while the note I breathe,
Of fairest flowers entwine a funeral wreath
Of *virgin* flowers, and place them round her tomb
To bud like her, and perish in her bloom.

Had anguish'd sorrow ne'er oppos'd the line,
Thy virtues ask an abler pen than mine,

They ask, but never shall they yet explore,
A mind that knew, or could regret thee more !
Ah ! long, Eliza, shall thy picture rest,
Time shall not wear it imag'd in my breast ;
Yes, thou shalt live, while fond remembrance lives,
Till he who mourns thee, asks the line he gives.
Yes, I, who live to mourn thine early doom,
Pluck't like thyself, in all my youthful bloom,
May, ere long claim, the requiem of a tear,
And soon be borne extended on the bier.

Methinks I see thee reach th' empyrean shore,
And heaven's full chorus hails an angel more,
While 'mid the seraph forms that round thee fly
Thy mother meets thee with extatic eye,
She springs, exulting from her throne of rest,
Claps her white plumes, and clasps thee to her breast.

.....
Somers.
.....

SONNET

I.



TO TWILIGHT.



MEEK *twilight haste!* athwart this earthly ball,
Fling thy pale shad'wy robe—and as I stray
Thro' tangled copse, where no rude sounds appal,
Where *Philomela* from a dewy spray
Pours mildly sweet, her melancholy song,
In cadence soft as hymns of *dying saint* ;
While echo's mimick voice the notes prolong,
And mem'ry's ever-varying pencils paint
Past scenes of bliss, flown never to return ;
O ! let me sit beneath yon time-worn rock,
And tell of all I've felt, and all I mourn,
For here no summer friends around me flock,
To break the hallow'd calmness of repose,
Lacerate my *bleeding heart*, and mock my woes.

SONNET

11.



TO THE EVENING STAR.*



BRIGHT star of eve! resplendent gem of night,
 Beneath thy lucid orb I love to stray,
 Drop feeling's tear, and mark thy quiv'ring ray ;
 Till borne in *fancy's car* with rapid flight,
 I mount thy sphere, and tread thy beamy way.
 Or if perchance I seek the ruin'd tow'r,
 To waste alone the contemplative hour ;
 Wrapt in deep thought, thy secrets I survey.
 Methinks my ANGEL MARY'S FORM glides by,
 And points to *thee*, her seat of bliss serene ;
 Then bids me *hope* ; nor *grieve* for joys *terrene*,
 Waves her fair hand, and seeks her native sky !—
 Adieu ! *bright star!* the *airy visions* fade,
 And leave me pensive in the RUIN'D SHADE !

SONNET

III.



TO THE MOON.*



PALE ORB OF LIGHT! that beam'st with lustre mild,
O'er peopled cities, and o'er desarts wild ;
Shin'st on the palace, and the lowly cot ;
Not e'en the church-yard, is by thee forgot.
All share thy smiles alike, O! Cynthia fair,
Ken thy soft light, enjoy thy evening care.
Haply, e'en now, thy deck'st *my Mary's grave*,
Where I so oft the sigh of pity heave ;
Where, in sad anguish, bending o'er her *urn*,
My lovely sister's death, I vainly mourn ;
There shed thy *purest beam*, thy sweetest ray,
With *light ethereal* chase dim clouds away,
Till fresh Aurora opes the purple morn,
And Phœbus' brighter beams *her humble shrine* adorn.

SONNET

IV.



TO THE RIVER TAFFE.

...~...~...

THOU peaceful streams! whose gentle silv'ry tide,
Breaks in soft ripplings 'gainst the pebbly shore,
Whose lucid waves, in pensive murmurs glide,
Unceasing on, to aid the ocean's roar;
Say, does some chrystal drops thy bosom swell,
Borne from the windings of my fav'rite rill?
Where oft at eve I've heard the peasant's knell,
Or *sweet-ton'd Philomel's* melodious trill:
Ah! tasteful days! forever, ever fled!
Fled like the airy visions of the night,
Whose gay alluring forms, by *fancy led*,
Shrinks from the piercing eye of HOLY LIGHT:
Ah! tasteful days! fled *never to return*;
With undissembled woe thy flight I mourn.

SONNET

V.



SPRING.



HOW sweet among the woodland scenes to rove,

When dew-gem'd trees, their budding charms display,
And listen to the thrilling voice of love,

That floats melodious on the breath of May.

To mark the bursting germe, the infant flow'r,

Catch the health-giving breeze of early dawn,

Mark the bright tints of morn's empurpled hour,

And stray delighted o'er the spangled lawn.

O! these are scenes that wake th' approving thought,

That bid reflection soar on eagle-wing!

With *conscious worth*, with sense, and feeling fraught,

All that e'er *peace* can give and mem'ry bring.

Such were the *joys*, in life's fair morn I knew,

When every *thought was bliss*, and every hope WAS NEW.

SONNET

VI.

*HENRY TO HIS FRIEND.*

MARK'D you the dew-drop hanging on yon thorn,
With radiant lustre trembling to the eye ?
Mark'd you the fragrance of the roseate morn,
The breeze that wafts the balmy sweets on high ?
Than those more mild appear'd the beauteous maid,
Who first attun'd my ravish'd soul to love ;
Alas ! in chilling silence now she's laid,
Nor joy, nor peace again my heart can prove.
Emma, adieu ! my lyre henceforth be mute,
To sounds of mirth *my mind* can ne'er accord.
No more I'll touch the sweetly plaintive lute,
But break with anguish ev'ry tuneful chord.
Then hie me sadly to her turf-drest clay,
In sighs to melt my grief-wrung heart away.

SONNET

VII.



THE VISION.

.....

STAY sweetest Emma ! fairest phantom stay !

Ah ! do not thus elude my eager view,

But cheer thy Henry on life's thorny way,

Nor scorn the scalding tear he drops *for you*.

The lovely vision mocks my frenzied plaint,

Piercing the azure-colour'd veil of heav'n,

While I in sorrows mournful tones lament,

A wife so fair, a gem so lightly given,

Snatch'd from my arms :—'reft of each joy I mourn

The peerless nymph, that erst illum'd my breast,

With comfort's beams :—now drooping, wistful, 'lorn,

I seek the mould'ring fane, nor know sweet rest :

Save when in dreams I rove Elysian plains,

And with my angel Emma ! hymn seraphic strains !

SONNET

VIII.



DEATH OF THE BARD.



COME hallow'd po'fy ! weave the *deathless verse* !

To solemn chaunting tune thy dulcet reed,
In matchless lays, my Emma's worth rehearse,

Ah ! footh with requiems sad, her parting shade.
And you, ye artless children of the plain,

Whose deep-sighs mingle with the chilly gale ;
Pour in *wild melody* your unlearn'd strain,

While ye lament, the blossom of the vale.
Bring jas'mines, roses, myrtles, lillies pale,

Go, pluck the wild thyme from yon beetling sleeps,
Cull the blanch'd hawthorn, from the bloomy dale,

To deck the *holy sod*, where Emma sleeps !
Thus sang the bard ! with frenzied woe oppress'd,
Then broke his *sweet-ton'd lyre* and sunk to *endless rest*.

SONNET

IX.



TO A SNOW-DROP.



EMBLEM of modest worth ! first born of spring,
 Mild harbinger of many a bloomy flow'r,
 Whose dewy-petals gem the verdant bow'r
 Of laughing May ;—for thee, the sweetest string
 Of fancy's lyre, the muse shall sweep,
 Fair po'fy hail thee with her thrilling strain,
 And in rude numbers o'er the grassy plain,
 Beside the stream, and up the mountain sleep !
 The ruddy plough-boy, and the milk-maid fair,
 Chanting their simple verse, shall of thee tell
Sweet flow'r, that nestles in the lowly dell,
 Far from the feat of folly's wild career ;
Like heav'n-taught genius, lov'ly, bright, serene,
 Shining amidst the thorns of life's fantastic scene.

SONNET

X.



TO MISS D. M. B. ON LEAVING DEVON.



SAY my Diana ! why that rending sigh,
And why that tear that dims thine azure eye ?
Is it, because Eliza quits the plain,
Nor longer fooths thee with her plaintive strain ?
It is, for lo the sympathetic sigh,
The humid drop that trembles in mine eye,
Speaks what thou feel'st thy tender griefs impart,
And twine *new sorrows* round my *cheerless heart*.
Ah ! my Diana ! far from those lov'd scenes,
(Where blest with childhood's visionary dreams,
Oft in life's early morn content I stray'd,
And woo'd the muse thro' many a broider'd mead)
I go—a wand'rer from my native plains,
Where *feeling* (sacred power) awoke my infant strains.

SONNET

XI.



From the Novel "WHAT HAS BEEN."



WHAT time the filver regent of the night,
Spreads a pale lustre o'er the vault of heav'n ;
The child of genius ! marks swift fancy's flight,
To posy's hallow'd theme, his thoughts are giv'n.
Then thro' the grove, his tasteful numbers breathe,
Where woodbines fair, and the wild perfum'd rose,
Give fragrance to the breath of meek-eyed eve,
And nature all her foothing charms disclose ;
While silence aids the pensive thought sublime,
That bids the wand'rer check the murm'ring sigh,
And mildly glide adown the stream of time ;
That forrow soon will cease,—that *heav'n is nigh*,
Where *scorn*, no more the suff'rer's heart shall tear,
But joy, and peace, and love, bloom thro' th' eternal year.

SONNET

XII.



ELEGIAC SONNET

ON THE

DEATH OF W. BULLER, ESQ.

Second son of the late Bishop of Exeter.

WITHER'D by pale consumption's venom'd breath,
 The *mortal* languish'd—droop'd, and slept in death.
 The *unfetter'd soul* sigh'd o'er her much-lov'd dust,
 Then wav'd her lustrous wings, and hail'd the just.
Exulting seraphs saw the angel sprite,
 And bade her welcome, to the realms of light ;
 Banish'd from memory the painful past,
 And raptur'd hymn'd of joys that ever last,
 *When lo ! a fair celestial rosy youth,
 His robe of innocence, his eye-beam TRUTH !

* Allusive to Col. Buller, who died about twelve months before.

Darted, from midst the shining angel band,
To claim a friend, snatch'd from a guilty land:
Instant, a thousand flarry worlds they trod,
And awe-struck bent, before the throne of God!

SONNET

XIII.

*TO THE MOON.**

HAIL lovely Cynthia ! silver queen of night !
Thy cheering beams I view with fond delight :
Whether I gaze when grief is lull'd to rest,
Or, when keen woes assail my aching breast,
'Tis thine to charm the solitary hour :
When seated on a rude rock's awful brow,
That frowns tremendous o'er the waves below,
I mark thy rays, and feel thy soothing pow'r.
Gay hope, and gentle peace, possess my soul !
With grateful heart I bless that pow'r divine,
Who bade yon starry orbs with thee to shine ;
Whose sacred words heav'n, earth, and sea controul.
FATHER OF LIFE ! with prostrate heart I pray ;
O ! guide my spirit to the realms of day !

SONNET

XIV.

*TO MISS D. M. B.**

CHILL winter past ! with raptur'd voice I hail
The purple crocus, budding hawthorn's bloom ;
The modest snow-drop drooping, languid, pale,
Like some fair maiden, sinking to the tomb.
Gay glows the butter-cup, and daisie-pied,
The violet fling odour to the gale,
The scented cowslip, clad in yellow pride,
The eglantine, and lilly of the vale.
Come my Diana ! let's together stray,
Rest on the brow of yonder healthful hill ;
Lift to the linnet chaunting from the spray,
And mark the murmurs of the lucid rill.
View its clear stream wind gently through the vale,
And the pure breath of early day inhale.

SONNET

XV.



INSCRIBED TO MISS N—T—E.



SWEET is the fragrant breath of early spring !

Sweet is the winding of the mellow horn !

Sweet is the woodlark's chaunt in summer morn !

But *sweeter far*, the thrilling blifs I sing.

O ! gratitude ! to thee I tune *my lyre* !

Soft flows the strain, wak'd by thy magic skill,

Raptur'd I touch the chord, thy praise to trill,

Enchanting nymph ! I feel thy sacred fire

Dart thro' my soul, more chaste than Alpine snow,

Ecstatic transports kindle in my breast,

And e'en *my soul*, with thy bright name's impress ;

Nor can hoar time's keen scythe the blossoms mow,

OF GRACIOUS GRATITUDE, in heav'n they'll bloom,

When death's empoison'd dart hath struck me to the tomb.

SONNET

XVI.



TO VALDARNO.*



SWEET minstrel ! oft the magic of thy lyre,

As lone beneath *eve's beamy lamps* I stray,

Endues my spirit with poetic fire,

While emulation bids me claim a bay.

Soft as the mountain shepherds tuneful flute,

Flow the mild numbers of thy dulcet strain,

Apollo's self hath strung thy silv'ry lute,

And nature nurs'd thee on her fertile plain.

As erst tow'ards po'fy's wilder'd bower I hied,

And strove to join the tasteful sisters throng,

Thy muse, enchanting bard, I raptur'd spied,

And heard her pour a bland melodious song.

'Tis thine, Valdarno, thine to melt the heart,

And thine, poetic transport to impart.

* The late W. Beckford, Esq.

SONNET

XVII.

*THE INDIAN.**

ALONE, unfriended, on a foreign shore,
Behold an hapless, melancholy maid,
Begging her scanty fare from door to door,
With piteous voice, and humbly bended head.
Alas ! her native tongue is known to few ;
Her manners and her garb excite surprise ;
The vulgar stare to see her bid adieu ;
Her tatter'd garments fix their curious eyes.
Cease, cease your laugh, ye thoughtless vain ;
Why sneer at yon poor Indian's pain ?
'Tis nature's artless voice that speaks :—
Behold ! the tear, bedew her cheeks !
Imploring actions,—burstling sighs,
Reveal enough to British eyes !

SONNET

XVIII.



(From "WHAT HAS BEEN.")



JOY, flies affrighted from my wounded breast ;
And chill despondence, mark the cheerless day :
Love's rubic-wreathes no more my brows array,
But squalid fear disrobes my heart of rest.
Evils anticipated throng my soul,
Hopes, fairy blossoms, wither in my breast,
Wild trembling terrors every sense arrest,
And wan despair my wayward thoughts controul.
Absent from him I love, my anxious heart,
No longer throbs at pleasures sportive voice,
The melancholy shade is now my choice,
Where to the blast my sorrows I impart.
No more I rapt'rous trill th' harmonic wire,
Sad is *my song*—unstrung the muses lyre.

SONNET

XIX.

......

AH! who can tell! but they who feel thy pow'rs,
How sharp thy pangs, relentless fell *suspense*,
Thou chain'st the heart with haggard woe intense,
Diming with anxious thoughts the circling hours.
Haunted by thee and sorrow—pallid maid,
I mark the sombrous, lagging moments move,
Nor ken *hope's* rapt'rous smile, nor think of love,
But wishful hie me to the spectr'd glade ;
There, where the bat upborne by lastic wing,
Flits by—I trill a solemn mournful strain,
The deep notes echo, o'er the dewy plain :
Vainly I touch the lyre—essay to sing
Of joy!—but *meagre*, wan suspense,
Englooms my song, and wounds each tasteful sense.

SONNET

X X.



To Mr. ———, on receiving an elegant Poem from him.

.....

HARK ! sweet music meets mine ear,
Borne on zephyr's sportive wing ;
Floating on the lucid air,
Perfum'd breath of early spring.
Hush'd be every ruder noise,
'Tis Neophytus that sings ;
Ye fairies listen to his voice,
Mark him sweep th' harmonic strings.
Gentle candour, view thy child,
Twine a wreath of blooming flow'rs,
Dove-ey'd pity, placid, mild,
Crown the youth who feels thy pow'rs !
And thou fair charity ! seraphic maid !
His failings with thy snowy wings o'er shade !

SONNET

XXI.



TO DR. D——.*



O! TUNEFUL bard ! whose soft enchanting lays
 Sooth tyrant sorrow into calm repose ;
 Accept my thanks, accept my artless praise,
 Nor scorn my TREMBLING, and untutor'd muse.
 'Tis thine in softest strains to melt the heart,
 With sweet-ton'd accents wake the sleeping soul,
 To dull ey'd melancholy joy impart,
 And thine, the breath of slander to controul.
 When death hath cut life's silver thread in twain,
 And moulder'd in the dust thy body lies,
 Then *fame* shall loud thy virtuous deeds proclaim,
 Whilst soars thy soul, to bliss above the skies :
 There clad in glorious vest, divinely bright,
 With saints enjoy, unspeakable delight !

SONNET

XXII.

*THE PILGRIM.**

ARISE fair Cynthia! shed thy placid beam,
Cheer a lone pilgrim on his devious way ;
Illumine the desert with a sil'vry gleam,
Lest he to yonder foaming torrent stray.
Hark ! how the white-waves dash along the shore,
Tumbling o'er rock of uncouth rugged form ;
No light to guide him in this solemn hour,
No cave to shelter from the howling storm.
Loud o'er his head the pealing thunders roll,
The light'ning darts around its livid fires :
To him who rules the globe, he lifts his soul,
Breathes a soft sigh, then sinking low expires.
Sweetly to bliss the ethereal spirit flies!
Where worlds unnumber'd meet her CHASTEN'D EYES!

SONNET

XXIII.



TO MR. K——.*



O! K——! sweetest of the tuneful throng!

Whose thrilling numbers melt upon mine ear,

'Tis heav'nly gratitude, awakes my song,

And bids me raise the supplicating pray'r.

Hail lib'ral youth! thy rapt enlighten'd mind,

Illum'd with white-rob'd pity's brightest ray,

The beauties of my infant muse refin'd,

And mark'd the artless carol of my lay.

Ye ministering angels guard his way,

His life-path strew with buds of blooming dye,

When wailing o'er his beauteous Laura's clay,

Catch ye the tear, and waft to heav'n the sigh:

Go! register on high, his deeds, his truth,

While list'ning seraphs hear, and bless the matchless youth.

SONNET

XXIV.



TO SIMPLICITY.



O! MEEK simplicity! thy angel face!

Thy decent step, thy soft enchanting smile,
Soul-beaming eye, and unaffected grace,

Thy spotless mind, devoid of mean-born guile.
Delights the muse : lead to thy hermit cell

Fair nymph! the daisied-path we'll meekly rove,
There NATURE WOO, crop the sweet blue-bell,

Sport in fancy's train, and make the stock-dove
Wail her murder'd mate ; lead to the fold

The bleating lamb—cull from the blossom'd vale,
Sweet flow'rs to deck the swains that heed't not gold,

And sing our wild-notes to the list'ning gale.

O lead fair nymph! lead to thy hermit cell,

With *thee simplicity* did even dwell.

(STORIED) SONNET

XXV.

*THE PEASANT TRAVELLER.*

WEARY along the trackless plain he hies,
While the pale moon-beam sheds a sickly ray,
That scarcely lights him o'er the rugged way,
Nor hospitable cot, nor curling smoke he spies.
No comfort near, all dreary and forlorn
Sadly he wanders on—while spectral sighs
Swell on the breeze, or flit before his eyes
Fantastic forms of superstition born.
Shudd'ring he starts affrighted and dismay'd,
Across the plain he casts a vacant stare,
When lo! the merry bells salute his ear,
The notes swell sweetly o'er the distant glade;
And guide him to his humble low retreat,
Of labour, innocence, and health, the seat.

SONNET

XXVI.*

.....

WHEN erst the flow'rs of genius 'gan to bloom,
A mournful wreath fair poetry enwove,
To deck a fainted parent's hallow'd tomb,
The first, the dearest object of my love.
With angel mein, and pity-beaming eye
She twin'd the drooping flow'rets round my head,
Pluck these she cried, they'll lure the tender sigh,
Whilst o'er poetic wilds you penfive tread.
Pleas'd I attended while the fair nymph sung,
My willing muse ne'er loiter'd at her strains,
But touch'd her lyre, unloos'd my fetter'd tongue,
And raptur'd hail'd her sister muses train:
Ah! check presumptuous maid thy daring flight!
Nor hope to gain fame's fascinating height!

SONNET

XXVII.



SCENES of my early youth, belov'd, rever'd,
Where oft in frolic childhood's days I sung,
Cull'd the sweet-blossoms nature's self had rear'd,
That o'er fair Isea's lucid bosom hung.
Or wand'ring o'er the flow'r besprinkl'd plain,
Heard the lov'd carol of the linnet's lay,
And *innocent as she* join'd in the matin strain,
That echo'd from the gently waving spray.
Ah! scenes to memory dear! And hail
The *dome*, where oft with pure devotion fir'd,
I sigh'd for death to lift the awful veil,
With faith—with hope—with confidence inspir'd,
I pray'd to view the saints bright blest abode,
To leave mortal joys, and dwell with God!

Elegies.

ELEGY

I.

*ON THE DEATH OF MISS STRONG.**

...~...

(WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.)

...~...

“Like morning dews she sparkl’d, was EXHALED,
 “And went—to Heav’n.”————

...~...

NOVEMBER! dreary month! again thou com’st
 Deep clad in fable clouds and chilling frost;
 Fit emblems of the mournful tale thou tell’st:
 For on this day, this woe-fraught hapless day
 My SISTER DIED! she whom my spirit lov’d
 Than health, or youth, or fortune, better far.
 Pure and unspotted as the new-fall’n snow
 Each female grace was centr’d in her form;

Her breast with every gentle virtue glow'd.
Heav'n's 'habitants beheld this blooming flow'r,
And lur'd her hence; they beckon'd, and she fled
To join her parents in the realms of bliss,
And left me weeping o'er her wasting clay,
In wild despair, and speechless agony.
With eyes fast streaming, and a soul depress'd :
Till bright-ey'd faith beam'd comfort on my mind,
And bade me dry my tears—bade me no more
Repine or murmur at the will of heav'n.
KNOW, cried the SERAPH, GOD, who call'd her hence,
CAN NEVER ERR. In life lurks many an ill
Unseen by mortal eye: lo! sav'd from these,
A blooming angel, now she soars above.

ELEGY

II.



ON THE SAME.*



ADIEU sweet maid, a long, a last farewell !
 Fain would the muse thy matchless virtues tell,
 Proclaim thy merit, speak thy heart sincere,
 And drop affection's consecrated tear :
 Such tears my Mary ne'er shall cease to flow,
 Whilst I remain in this dark vale below ;
 Ne'er my lov'd girl (while mem'ry holds her seat,
 While life is giv'n and reason shines complete,)
 Shall I forget thee, Mary, lovely maid,
 Who now within the darksome tomb art laid.
 Her body to the noisome worm is giv'n,
 Her soul now soars sublime, and wings its flight to heav'n.
 Then cease, Eliza ! cease thy *trembling lyre*,
 Thy sister mingles with th' angelic choir ;

Attunes her praises to the God above,
A God of TRUTH, INFINITY, and LOVE.
To him all praise, all glory, now be giv'n,
Extol HIM men on earth, and saints in heav'n ;
And when the solemn hour draws nigh,
When leaving earth my soul shall mount the sky,
Then shall we meet—and on us joys attend,
Unfading joys which never know an end !

ELEGY

III.*

......

WHILE soft remembrance o'er a sister's tomb,
Laments the change, and weeps sweet Mary's doom ;
A mother's shade first claim'd my tenderest lays,
Once the fond guardian of my infant days.
Stretch'd on the BED OF DEATH I saw her lie,
Beheld the trickling tear, the heart-felt sigh.
O! heav'n! what anguish rack'd my tortur'd breast ;
Depriv'd of her, with dire-fraught woe oppress'd,
Frantic I wept with uplift hands implor'd!
In midst of sorrow stern, my God ador'd.—
My sister wept! and heav'd the deep-drawn sigh ;
But not one tear fell from my burning eye.
Deep sunk the sudden, fatal, DEADLY BLOW ;
Nor more of joy, or peace I thought to know.
Bright saint ! (my sister cried) thou now art blest,
Thy pains all o'er, thy woes all lull'd to rest.

Mild, gentle, patient thro' her woe-fraught life ;
The tend'rest mother, and the truest wife.
Bow'd down with sorrows, yet she kiss'd the rod,
And patiently *submitted* to her God!
My sister still was spar'd, how short her stay!
The lovely girl was quickly snatch'd away.
Relentless death! to rob me of my MOTHER,
My FATHER, SISTER, and my much lov'd BROTHER!
Ah! why tear from me ALL I held most dear?
Why leave not one to wipe the falling tear?
Had heav'n in pity spar'd THEE lovely maid!
Who late within the silent tomb was laid;
With calm content my life had pass'd with thee;
But now there's nought but dark despair for me.
Despair!—alas!—but see, what form appears!
She comes to sooth my woes, to dissipate my fears:
Celestial reason! clad in azure vest,
Approach'd, and thus, her words address:

Short-sighted maid, ah! weep for them no more,
Whose woes are past, whose sorrows all are o'er;
Submit to God! on him depend for might;
And know, vain girl "whatever is, is right!"

ELEGY

IV.*

*ON THE DEATH OF MISS CRESWELL.*

“ Cropt like a rose,^d before ’tis fully blown,
“ Or half its sweets disclos’d.” —



HARK ! hark ! ye fair ! flow tells the knell of death.
The lovely Ann hath yielded up her breath ;
Her pains are o’er, her gentle spirit’s fled,
Her body’s number’d with the silent dead.
The grimly tyrant, with unerring dart,
Hath pierc’d her young, her good, her gen’rous heart,
Cou’d not thy beauty, or thy virtue save ?
And must thou crumble in an early grave ?
Ah ! yes ; too sure fix’d thy lamented doom ;
Not angels now can snatch thee from the tomb.

Ah ! weep ye youths ! ah ! heave the sigh sincere ;
Ye gentle maids, let fall the pitying tear :
Mourn o'er the turf ! mourn o'er the mould'ring clay !
The beauteous Ann to death now lies a prey.
Fly from this hallow'd spot, each wretch prophane,
Nor dare approach this consecrated fane.
Her heart was kind, her temper gentle, mild,
Free from deceit—*sincerity's* fair child.
A dutious daughter, and a sister kind ;
Each virtue bright adorn'd her youthful mind.
Farewell, sweet maid ! adieu my earliest friend !
Angelic joys on thy pure soul attend.
With thee my Ann the bitterness is past ;
Yes, the unalterable *die* is *cast* :
An angel, now thou tun'st seraphic strains,
Sing'st *hallelujahs* on the heav'nly plains,
Bright as yon glitt'ring star, thou shin'st divine,
To view thy God ; thy Saviour now is thine.—

Cease, Harriet dear! ah! cease thy melting grief,
Thy sighs, sweet girl, can bring thee no relief:
Thy angel sister now soars high in heaven;
To her unutterable bliss is giv'n.
Then why lament? ah! let us dry our tears,
And banish from our hearts those idle fears.
Mark! the bright sun decline at close of day,
His ling'ring beams then cast a golden ray;
Beauteous he looks, when sinking in the west;
Clouds, to his glory only add a zest:
All hearts would grieve, did not a hope remain,
To see his splendid orb bright rise again.
At the last day, those friends, now gone before,
Shall meet again—shall meet—to part no more.
The trump shall sound, the dead shall all arise;
The exulting happy pierce the azure skies.

ON A LOCK OF MISS CRESWELL'S HAIR GIVEN
AFTER HER DEATH.*



DEAR precious relic! of my angel friend!

For whom so oft I heave affection's sigh!

For whom, *O! early lost!* my lays ascend,

While friendship's sacred tear bedews mine eye.

Dear precious relic! of my angel friend!

Nor time, nor accident, shall e'er us part;

With *Mary's hair*, my Anna, THINE I'll blend,

Whose image lives forever in my heart.

When melancholy chills me with despair,

And sad on frail mortality I muse;

To these will I with throbbing heart repair,

And gem these locks with pity's softest dew.

Soon *Faith*, with eagle-eye, shall pierce the gloom,

And quickly dash the selfish tear away;

No more I'll mourn a friend or sister's doom,

FOR LO! THEY SPARKLE IN ETERNAL DAY!

ELEGY

V.



ELEGIAC LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MISS HARRIET CRESSWELL.

...~...
A small decorative flourish consisting of a central scroll-like element with symmetrical curves on either side.

MEEK child of truth! my gentle friend adieu!

Earth's sheltering bosom *veils* thy lov'ly form;
With tear gem'd-eye, the hallow'd turf I view,
Nor heed the whistling of the hollow storm.

Ah! what avails this selfish fond regret,

These sighs of anguish, and these looks of woe,
My lov'ly Harriet's mortal fun is set,
Her peerless beauty dim'd, her clay laid low.

Was not her spirit gentle and serene?

Mild as the genial air of balmy spring?
Her mind intelligent, her face, her mien,
More than my feeble muse can ever sing?

Yet shall not HE, who bade those beauties bloom,

Nip their sweet blossoms with the blast of death!

Shall HE not sink her to an early tomb?

And when HE WILL recal THE VAPOUR BREATH?

DREAD POW'R to thy behest I meekly bend!

The mandate's hard, yet dare I not repine;

Harriet, adieu! adieu my lovliest friend!

Thee, to THY GOD submissive I resign:

Go! gentle sprite! go! claim thy natal sky,

And with thy *angel sister** minister on high!!

* Both sisters died of consumptions.

TO THE REVEREND N——E N——E.*



Hail! gratitude; hail nymph of heav'nly mien!
 Welcome, thrice welcome to my woe-worn breast
 Is thy fair image! Ah! how unequal
 Are the languid forms of labour'd speech to
 Paint the varied feelings of the soul.
 My spirit trembles with refin'd delight,
 And fain would thank thee N——E, thee, in whose
 Manly soul mild pity waves her filv'ry
 Wand, and bids thee cheer the lonely widow,
 Calm the poor orphan's sinking heart; and point
 Her hopes to those kind regions where the wretched
 Rest from their sorrows, and enjoy repose.
 N——E, forgive the wild-ton'd warblings of

* This poem was written without any attention to the rules of
 prosody—an extemporaneous production addressed to the most
 benevolent of friends—a gentleman, a scholar, and an universal
 philanthropist!—*Note by the author.*

My rustic muse, and gently list while she
Sighs forth past scenes of foul-distracting woe,
Or paints poetic vision!—
Come fain-foul'd memory, unfold thy treasure'd
Page; give me, bright maid, to ken afresh, those
Hours of pain, when erst misfortune spread her
Raven wings around our *cheerful home*, and
Screamed with terror-striking voice, death! death!
Ah! what wasting form stands yonder shiv'ring,
Pale, and meagre?—Alas! it is *my mother*!
Listen, O! listen! 'tis her shrilly cough,
Her trembling worn-out voice, those silver-tones
That once spoke transport to my infant mind,
And tun'd my soul to peace. See how she beckons
Towards yon yawning—new-made grave, nor heeds
My tender plainings.—Ah! what means that
Rubic-hue that decks her pallid cheek? 'Tis
Hope's mild glow—lo! N——E, friend of her earliest days,
Supports her sinking frame, and cheers her

Fleeting soul!—O!—'tis past—*she sleeps in peace!*
Yon star-wreath'd seraph convoys her to bliss!
And now a fair and fragile form, (o'er which
Consumption waves his ling'ring scythe) languid,
Weak, helpless, faint, employs my ceaseless
Tend'rest care! O! *I would save thee, Mary,*
But it will not be; insatiate death strikes
Deep the fatal blow—her spirit trembling, flees:
Hail! gentle shade! nay, do not haste away,
Stay, my angelic sister! touch sweetly
Thy celestial harp, and let Eliza
Catch its thrilling tones, our grateful hymns may
Soar to heav'n's eternal King, (who kens
E'en ME) and draw down sacred joys on
N——E's head.—The beauteous angel smiles,
And heaven-ward spreads her azure wings.
Not the bright ruddy tints of summer morn,
Not purple autumn's evening sky can boast
Such charms as clear-eyed charity. When yon

Bright orbs shall cease to shine, and th' angelic
Choir hovers around our great Redeemer's
Sacred throne—THEN N——E, then shall thou have
Thy just reward—for his unerring word
Hath said!

* Ye who have fed my little ones, and cloath'd
The naked woe-drench'd stranger, or only giv'n
A cup of water in my name, did it
Unto me, *their Father universal*:
Come then ye blest, enjoy the radiant fears
Prepared in heaven!

* Matt. chap. xxiv.

ELEGY

VI.



ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.*



MARK ye gay nymphs, yon fable train

That winds along the dale,

Lift to the Torrow-breathing strain

Borne on the lucid gale:

It sighs fair Sarah's early fate,

It bids ye—*learn to die!*

Ah! seek bright virtue e'er too late,

Eternity is nigh.

Sarah, the lov'liest of the fair,

Mild as the op'ning day,

Whose eye oft shone with pity's tear,

Now rests on bed of clay.

(The lilly droops its filv'ry crest,
Chill'd by the storm's rude breath,
And anguish writhing in her breast,
Pointed the shaft of death.)
Silent, is now, that dulcet tongue,
That erst was wont to cheer;
And charm the jocund youthful throng,
Or claim the feeling tear.
Clos'd are those orbs that shone serene;
Blanch'd are the rose's bloom;
No more we view her graceful mien,
Now shrin'd in yonder tomb.
Yet cease my muse! give o'er thy plaint,
Why mourn fair Sarah's death!
The lovely maiden you lament
Hath gain'd an heav'nly birth.

ELEGY

VII.

*ON THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER.**

CROPT in the bloom of youth! behold he lies!
Fast clos'd in death, his once expressive eyes.
My George, thou dearest, much-lov'd youth, adieu!
Ne'er is thy sister doom'd thy form to view.
Thy pleasing accents ne'er will charm her ear;
No more thy hand wipe off the falling tear;
No more console thy widow'd mother's heart;
Thy duteous words no more a joy impart;
No more direct her hopes to happier days;
And fond expectant youth point out the ways.
Alas! on India's shores he ne'er will tread,
For, O! my George is mingl'd with the dead.

Heart piercing thought! yet, shall I dare repine?
No, gracious heaven, the work was only thine!
To thee I yield, do thou appease my soul,
And each repining anxious thought controul.
Come, bright *religion!* come, thou heav'nly maid,
Dwell in my heart, O! lend thy soothing aid,
'Till death shall snatch my soul from cumbrous clay,
And waft it swift to scenes of endless day.

ELEGY

VIII.*



INCONSTANT goddess! happiness! O! why
So swift run from me? wilt thou never deign
To sojourn here, and this desponding heart
With thy all-animating presence cheer?
Why (when I fondly fancy thou art mine;
When jocund pleasure sits upon my lip;
And on my cheek glows sprightly innocence
When ev'ry scene a joyous aspect wears)
Do chilling damps of poverty assail?
Or death's relentless scythe mow down my friends,
And dim my soul with dark affliction?
Thus I complain'd: when from a silver cloud,
That girt th' horizon, slept an angel-form,
Arrayed in flowing robes of purest white;
His head a sparkling crown of light adorn'd;

His shoulders shone with many colour'd wings
That filled with balmy fragrance all the air,
Bright as the moon's unclouded orb; his face
Diffused around incomparable beams,
Whose lustre spake him messenger from heav'n,
Majestic moving with seraphic voice
He said:
Why hope on earth what dwells alone in heav'n,
Can happiness with mortal frailty stay;
A state of trial this, and not of joy,
Where woes lies scatter'd by th' Almighty power
To wean thee from those fascinating sins
That to the world the forms of pleasure wear.
What if thy friends are seized in death's cold gripe,
Their bodies only moulder—high rewards
For ills here suffer'd meet their souls in heav'n.
Mourn not that poverty is thine—but know
The Father of the universe full oft
Afflicts the good—and chastens whom he loves!

ELEGY

IX.

*ON THE DEATH OF MRS. B——.**

HARK! with portentous sound the deep-ton'd bell
Proclaims the death of one beloved well;
See the sad mourners weeping o'er her bier,
And drop the kind, the sympathetic tear.
She's gone! the dreaded hour is past,
Angels attended when she breath'd her last.
Religion, source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
Pointed to pleasures which can never cloy,
Cheer'd her last gasp, smooth'd the stern-brow of death,
And taught with meekness to resign her breath.
Then wherefore weep, the struggling pang is o'er;
Ah! dry your tears, lament for her no more.

All earth-born cares forget, she's now at rest;
No racking pains now tear her worthy breast.
Her soul is wafted to the realms of light,
Clad in angelic robes she shines most bright.
Will you, my ANN, friend of my youthful days,
Awhile, ah! listen to my artless lays?
Let resignation cheer your drooping heart,
'Tho' hard the pang, tho' terrible to part;
Yet know 'tis God inflicts the dreadful woe,
Nor aught can now avert the mighty blow.
May patience mild angelic maid descend,
From black despair your worthy breast defend;
Be calm, my friend, you are not left alone,
A tender much-lov'd mother's death to mourn;
You've brothers, sisters—still a parent kind;
Ah! may his precepts sink into your mind;

To him each fond, each kind attention pay,
Be your's to sooth his griefs the live-long day ;
Revere his virtues—ever dutious be,
And heaven's high benediction wait on thee.

ELEGY

X.



ON THE DEATHS

OF

MARIA AND SARAH AMELIA STRONG.

THE midnight breeze sighs hollow thro' the glade,
And wearied nature's wrapt in soft repose;
Pale melancholy courts the gloomy shade,
And piteous tells her tale of many woes.
Now let the muse her solemn station seek,
On yon fall'n ruin, desolate and drear,
In sacred song, with resignation meek,
Breathe her sad numbers to the humid air;
"Chaunt the slow requiem" o'er the new-turn'd mound,
And strew with cypress wreaths this consecrated ground.

O! death! insatiate monster! mortals dread,
Why drink the heart's blood of the young and gay;
Why come in cunning 'guise with silent tread
To crop those maids—sweet as the vernal day:
Delicious beauty! evanescent flow'r,
How soon thy ENVIED GLORIES fade away;
The grave's chill region all thy charms o'er pow'r,
Mingling thy lovely form with common clay:
While thou, THRICE HALLOW'D VIRTUE, stands
confest,
Unaw'd by death's stern frown for ever blest!
Chaste as the lily—gay as the vermeil rose,
Light as the rein-deer, sprightly as the fawn;
The LOV'LY SISTERS every charm disclose!
Pure as the silver tints of early dawn.
Allur'd by pleasure's bland enchanting call,
They fought the mazy, gay, fantastic train;
Smil'd at the concert—grac'd the festive ball,
Their young hearts throbbing to the tuneful strain,

While innocence was their's—and sportive mirth,

And filial tendernefs, and innate worth.

Maria! Emily! lamented nymphs!

Who lately bloom'd in all the pride of youth,

Fair as the Houri—elegant as fylphs,

Matchlefs in beauty, innocence, and truth.

Where are your charms? in death's dark chambers laid,

Cold as the turf that pillows your remains ;

Pale as the marble vafe or twilight's fhade,

Expos'd to howling winds, and drenching rains :

Dim'd is the radiant luftre of thofe eyes,

Seal'd with the SLEEP OF DEATH their peerlefs beauty
lies.

Yet round their urn fpring's earlieft sweets fhall bloom,

(O! much beloved, O! much regretted twain)

And pious memory, loit'ring near their tomb,

Pour the fad death-fong's forrow-breathing flrain.

What, tho' no trophied honours round them shine,

Love's HOLY TEAR shall gem the turfy sod,

Maternal tendernefs figh o'er their fhine,

And refignation point our hopes to God !

To innocence like their's ecftatic blifs is given,

Virtue's unerring fure reward is heaven.

ELEGY

XI.



ON THE DEATH OF W. BECKFORD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF JAMAICA.



HIM whom the *muses* lov'd, and man revered;

Who knew with skilful hand to touch the lyre,

Whose classic-page, on *truth's* firm basis rear'd,

Breathes the pure ardour of poetic fire!

Him, o'er whose moral lay, I've raptur'd hung,

Whilst thrilling melody awoke my song:

Whose worth, in woodnotes-wild, I boldly sung,

Whose song could aye my piercing woes controul.

Of him I sing: nor scorn my simple strain,

Ye whom the noble heights of science tread;

The voice which echos from the lowly plain,

May raise a tribute to the illustrious dead.

Let learning rear on high her haughty crest,
And boast the treasures of scholastic lore ;
Tho' learning ne'er illum'd my cheerless breast,
Nor e'er to me display'd her precious store ;
Yet, Beckford! o'er thy honour'd tomb I'll weep,
(Thy worth, thy genius, claims a sacred tear)
Mourn round the spot where " thy blest relics sleep,"
While loftier poets consecrate thy bier.
And oft at blushing morn, and dewy-eve,
As thro' the woodland glades I pensive rove,
In plaintive tones thy matchless strains I'll breathe,
Sad as the murm'ring breeze that whispers thro' the grove.

.....
Odes.
.....

ODE

I.

*TO FRIENDSHIP.*

SACRED nymph! Enchanting queen!
Long I've woo'd thy look serene;
Oft have tun'd my dulcet shell,
To lure thy fascinating spell.
Sought thee in the peaceful dale,
When evening breathes her thymy gale;
Or climb'd the mountain's craggy height
To ken thee, fair celestial sprite.
When sportive fancy in mine ear
Whisper'd, lo! the nymph is near,
I hop'd to view thy face divine,
To mark, thro' every feature shine

The soul sincere—seraphic truth,

Bland pity's tear—eternal youth.

But, ah! the form that met my sight,

(In mem'ry's eye I see the wight)

With dazzling beauty charm'd awhile,

And cheer'd me with her syren smile.

But when gaunt woe's terrific doom

Spread around chaotic gloom ;

Bade the spirits of disease

Drink my heart's blood, wound my peace ;

And scowling grief, with baleful fangs,

Writhe my soul with venom'd pangs :

Then swiftly fled the magic fair,

And smiling left me to despair !

O! come fair friendship, soul elating pow'r !

Thou lov'st to calm affliction's SOMBRE hour,

'Tis thou who seek'st the widow's cot,

Where sad she wails her cheerless lot,

Breathes to the list'ning winds her melting plaint,

While hollow rocks alone return the wild lament !

Till thou, fair heav'n directed maid

Pours balm into those wounds infatiate death hath made.

O ! friendship come ! dispel each rising sigh,

Comfort shall gild my soul when thou art nigh.

And see obedient to my pray'rs

The nymph's celestial form appears ;

'Neath her feet blue violets spring,

Thro' the air their odours fling ;

Light she treads the flow'r deck'd ground,

Diffusing happiness around.

Mortals hail the heav'nly fair,

Bend the knee, and raise the pray'r :

Sweep, sweep seraphic muse, thy golden lyre,

With po'ry's thrilling tones my soul inspire ;

And as I rove these roseate flow'rs among,

O ! deign to consecrate my simple song.

ODE

II.



SHRILL blows the blast of war :—the cannons' roar
In fullen murmurs echo from the shore :
Crimson'd with human blood th' empurpled tide,
Rolls its flow murky wave in awful pride.
The shriek of woe—the agonizing smart,
The life-dissolving sigh that rends the heart
Englooms creation :—Horror waves his wand
And frowns tremendous 'midst the naval band :
Death rides triumphant o'er the 'turb'd main,
And banquets fierce on heaps of mortals slain.
Yet, thro' the hostile ranks Britannia's boast,
Brave DUNCAN, TROLLOP, hurl their missive fire,
Assail bold Dutchmen near their sea-lav'd coast,
And bid each British youth to fame aspire.

Death—war—nor carnage can their souls appal,

Fir'd with this HALLOW'D THOUGHT—THEIR
COUNTRY'S WEAL.

Yet when the chiefs see many a mortal fall,

And hear them breathe to heav'n a last appeal,

Mark them entomb'd beneath a mazy wave,

In death's attire plung'd in a wat'ry grave ;

Those warlike heroes—enemies to fear,

Who stemm'd the battle's terror with a smile,

Drop o'er the fall'n a consecrated tear,

For angel pity fill their hearts awhile.

Mercy to bravery is near allied,

'Tis Britain's darling theme—her BOAST, her pride.

Think we not heav'n in JUSTICE has decreed,

The virtuous sufferer a glorious meed ?

Lo! from its battlements a seraph train,

Sooth many a parting sprite with rapt'rous strain.

Inspire their souls with fortitude sublime,

To bear the pang of death—to leap the gulph of TIME !

But, ah ! methinks ! ('tis nature strikes the lyre)

I hear the orphans shriek—the widows groan ;
Of 'venom'd woe see families expire,

I mark the scalding tear—the troub'lous moan.
See wild despair with frenzy rolling eye.

And shiv'ring poverty, wan haggard wight,
And scorn, and sad oppression vaunting high,
To wrap yon forrowing tribe, in grief's chill night.

But, hark !

Scraphie chantings float along the air,

Bland pity's form, from yonder fleecy cloud
Breaks on my dazzled view :—while angels fair

Circling the goddess in a lustrous croud
Exulting wait to hear her high behest
While awestruck mortals kneel before the heav'nly guest.
Go ! ye angelic host, the seraph cries,

To Britain haste and aid the mourner's pray'r,
Comfort the souls, which misery allies,

Check the big sigh—arrest the falling tear :

Britannia's gen'rous sons will cheer the group,
Nor let the widow sink—the orphan droop ;
While THEY inspired with energy divine,
Shall bid desponding care no more intrude,
Around their hearts sweet memory shall twine,
The amaranthine wreath of gratitude !
For you, ye noble patrons of this night,
Whose bosoms, fraught with sacred pity's glow,
Fling from the torch of charity, the bright,
The lambent flame that dissipates pale woe.
When widows, orphans, mothers, sisters—pour
The mingled pray'r to heav'n's eternal King,
In devious warb'ling breathe their pious lore,
Sweet as the hymns adoring angels sing ;
Attendant blessings wait upon their song,
To crown with joy and peace—this charitable throng.

Say, is there aught such rapture can impart
As the sweet transports of a feeling heart?
Oft to the world have gen'rous Britons prov'd,
The highest luxury is—DOING GOOD!

ODE

III.



ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY LORD NELSON.



HARK 'tis the shout of vict'ry meets mine ear,
Again it floats upon the ambient air,
While Britain's sons exulting at the found,
Pour the ecstatic song of transport round.
Entwine a *civic wreath* for *Nelson's Head*;
The *honour'd, envied, peerless* meed
Of valour, liberty, and truth,
Charms that inspirit age, and fire the breast of youth.
With *virtue, worth, and genius* fraught,
From *freedom's beamy shrine* the holy flame they caught.
Yet as the tones of triumph flow,
Methinks I hear the solemn voice of woe:

Sadly she murmurs thro' the shades of night;
Shrinks from the hymn of joy, nor heeds the cheerful
light.

Within the lacerated breast of care;
Pour the rich cordial drop of sympathy,
Wipe from the mourner's cheek the sorrowing tear,
And strive to footh with bland humanity,
The blow—that robs the smiling infant of its fire,
Tears from the faithful wife
The dearest blessing of her life,
And wild chaotic griefs—and trembling woes inspire.
Fairer than infant day,
When on the breast of chaos first it gleam'd,
A quiv'ring, soft, celestial ray,
That o'er the uniform'd world a radiant stream'd;
Bright as the dewy-eye of eve,
From the green bosom of the main,
A nymph appears of form divine;
A laurel crown her brows enwreath,

While virtue's hallow'd thoughts thro' every feature shine,
Britannia hear her voice, mark her prophetic strain.

O! cherish liberty! nor haughty Gaul;

Nor despot e'er shall sway this favour'd isle;

Nor fiend-like tyranny your souls appal.

Peace round the land her olive branch shall weave,

Illume the palace—on the cottage smile;

And songs of virtuous joy and matchless blessings breathe.

Plenty again shall cheer the poor man's heart;

Content and smiling bliss their treasur'd charms impart.

ODE

IV.

*ON THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.*

FLOATING adown yon sun-beam's lustrous line,

A form seraphic meets my raptur'd view,

An Olive wreath her heav'nly brows entwine,

Star'd with the opal-ever varying hue.

Her sapphire eye

Mocks the diamond's piercing ray ;

Her cheeks Aurora's roscate tints out-vie,

When dight in dew-gem'd robes she woos the God of day.

Thro' heav'n's expanse a silv'ry trumpet sounds,
Round Britain's sea-girt shores the note rebounds :

Strike, strike the lyre,

Bid war terrific cease !

Let joy each patriotic breast inspire,

And hail with loud acclaim the *hallow'd form of Peace!*

Commerce, who long within her golden cell,

(Hewn in a Promontory's side,

Whose rocky base green surges lave ;

Around its brow aquatic weeds,

In wild fantastic windings wave,)

Bewail'd Britannia erst her darling child,

Shudd'ring beheld the naval fight,

Saw many a *spirit wing her wond'rous flight,*

And heard bleak Boreas howl the seaman's melancholy knell :

Rous'd by the cheering voice of Peace,

Springs from her solitary cave,

Bids squalid poverty her murmurs cease,

Bids *labour* from *despair* her hardy vot'ries save.

Where erst exulting *famine* frown'd,
O'er the rais'd cheek *health* throws a ruddy gleam,
Each brighten'd eye ecstasie transports beam,
And hope, and smiling frolic, sport around.
The aged matron, views with glad surprize,
Her children fav'd from *desolating war*;
Enliv'ning joy illumines her eyes,
As fondly to her throbbing breast,
(While down her time-worn cheek *wild rapture's tear*,
With sacred feelings not to be repress'd,
Distill'd in pearly drops appear)
She clasps the heroic youth return'd from far,
Return'd, in social joys to pass his life,
To close his parent's eyes, to bless his lovely wife.—
Prophetic visions—visions of delight,
In swift succession charm the mental sight:
TRUTH, REASON, LIBERTY, on Britons shine,
Each joy, each blessing, human and divine.

Ballads, &c.

ELLA.

(FROM "WHAT HAS BEEN.")



COLD blew the gale, dark was the night,

When Ella, hapless maid,

O'er a bleak mountain's craggy height

In wild disorder stray'd.

And sad her plaintive numbers sigh'd,

And breath'd her simple tale :—

“ Why was I not my Albert's bride,

“ The boast of Arran vale.

“ His brow, youth, love, and truth disclose,

“ Joy tun'd his dulcet strain ;

“ His cheeks were like the damask rose

“ That blushes on the plain.

“ But now, alas! he’s cold and dead,

“ He’s sunk to silent rest!

“ Death’s pallid hue his cheeks o’er spread ;

“ The turf lies on his breast !

“ But soft! behold his angel shade!

“ He beckon’s me away !”

Thus sigh’d the dying, lovely maid,

And fled to realms of day!

ADDRESS TO PEACE.

(FROM "WHAT HAS BEEN.")



ANGEL of peace! from thy star'd seat on high,

Enthron'd amidst the radiant sons of light,

Haste, on the rosy zephyr's bosom fly,

And on yon suffering mortal's couch alight.

Shed o'er her soul thy heav'n-consoling balm;

Bid the wild tumult of her bosom cease;

Bid the loud tempest of her woe be calm,

Or take her spirit to thy realms, O Peace.

For there dwells love, and joy, and pure delight;

There swiftly flee the roseate hours away;

Spirits of heav'n mark not their rapid flight,

Since all's one boundless, bright, eternal day.

Gone are those days, forever fled,
 When pleasure wing'd the roseate hours;
When hope by sportive fancy led
 Shed o'er my soul her magic pow'rs.
The early bud, the dew-gem'd flow'r,
 The woodlark's wild melodious song;
Pale ev'ning's soft and tranquil hour,
 My soul distracts, my griefs prolong.
A solemn gloom those scenes pervade,
 That erst were wont delight to yield;
For low beneath the turf is laid
 The fairest flow'r in beauty's field.

*MAY MORNING.**

CREATION smiles around, serene and gay !
The feather'd choir salute the blooming May :
The fields assume a variegated dye,
And strike, with transport, th' enraptur'd eye ;
The simple primrose, delicate of hue,
Now droops beneath the pearly drops of dew ;
The humble daisy, and the violet sweet,
Spontaneous grow beneath my wand'ring feet ;
Soft blows the breeze, mild is the azure sky ;
The lark attunes her matin notes on high,
And charms my ear with her enchanting song,
Whilst o'er the fragrant mead I trip along.—
I view each opening bud, each blooming flow'r,
And wonder at the great creative pow'r.—
Around I turn mine e'er delighted eye,
And fix it on a calm, unclouded sky.

How fine this prospect, cheerful and serene,
This varied landscape, this delightful scene !
'Tis thou, O GOD, has form'd the beaut'ous whole,
And given *reason* to the *human soul* !
Accept, Oh ! then, the oraisons I raise,
Of unfeign'd gratitude, of fervent praise :
To thee each morn my earliest vows I'll pay,
And beg a blessing to the new-born day.

*BENEATH THE AGED OAK.**

BENEATH yon aged oak's romantic shade,
(For friendship, love, and contemplation made ;
Where the green moss-grown seat, by nature dress'd,
Invites my wearied limbs awhile to rest,)
Calm let me sit, and muse on Nature's God,
Who deigns to view me from his blest abode.
O! Thou, omnipotent! Thou good supreme!
Thou lord of heav'n and earth! these tears that stream
From a suppliant maiden's weeping eyes—
And, O my God! do not that maid despise.
Bereft of parents, brother, sister—all;
God of the fatherless! on thee I call!
O! hear my fervent pray'r, direct my heart;
A ray of thy all-cheering grace impart:
Oh! guide my steps, instruct my early youth,
To live in innocence, and find thy truth!

Teach me with mildness to thy will to bend,
Whate'er it be, to whatfoe'er it tend,
Let not a murmur e'er escape my breast ;
Let not ambition e'er invade my rest :
May mild contentment grace my little cot ;
I'll smile at wealth, and bless my *happy* lot.

*THE BEGGAR.**

MARK yon old man, with anguish fore oppress,

With humble voice your charity implore ;

Let gentle pity melt your manly breast,

Nor see him linger, shiv'ring at your door.

Haply, in affluence e'en he was bred ;

By fortune favour'd, and by friends caress'd,

(Nor thought he e'er should beg his scanty bread,)

With ev'ry joy, with ev'ry comfort blest.

Will ye not lift ? close ye the folding door ?

No longer there my good old friend implore.—

Accept the little mite, the trifling aid,

An orphan offers to afford relief ;

I'm but a poor, ill-fated, hapless maid,

Deeply acquainted with afflictive grief.

Ah ! could I comfort thy declining years,
And cheer the rugged path of black despair !
Sooth the flow, weary hours of life's last stage,
And dissipate each pale corroding care.
But vain that wish ! poor, good old man, adieu !
Full oft, a sigh I'll heave, and think on you :
And ah ! may some benignant angel shield,
Relieve your wants, and ev'ry blessing yield !
When death has clos'd your weary, tearful eyes,
And on the bier your clay-cold body lies,
Swift may your spirit wing its rapid flight
To realms of endless bliss, and ever pure delight.

TO PEACE.*



SAY gentle peace! where rather dost thou dwell?
In haughty cities, or in lowly dell;
In cot, or palace? tell me soft-ey'd maid;
Fain o'er thy flow'ry path my steps would tread.
Behold a maiden bending at thy *shrine*;
O! cheer her bosom with a smile divine!
But hark! at length the beauteous goddess speaks;
The blush of innocence adorns her cheeks;
Her eyes bright beaming with celestial fire,
Proclaims *religion* as her heav'nly fire:
And ah! she cries, if ever thou would'st share
My kindest influence, my tend'rest care,
Let *virtue* be thy aim; with *her* I dwell,
Alike in cities, and in peaceful dell:

Pursue her steps, then thou wilt sure attain
That heav'nly mansion, free from grief or pain !
The goddess ceas'd.———
Sweet, lovely peace ! thy silver voice I hear ;
It breaks like softest music on my ear :
Thy words shoot thrilling transport thro' my breast,
And sooth my passions into calmest rest.
Yes, I'll obey thy voice, be virtue's child.
Be kind, be artless, innocent and mild.

*A WALK AT SUN-SET ON THE EASTERN CLIFFS
OF TIEGNMOUTH, DEVON.**



LOUD beats the surge against the craggy shore ;
And waves to waves succeed with solemn roar !
The sun, just sinking from my ling'ring view,
Tints the high hills with many a beautiful hue.
Ah ! what a prospect meets my ravisht sight,
And fills my spirit with sublime delight !
The towering cliffs with forms majestic rise,
And seem to greet the azure bending skies.
Beneath my feet the deep's wild waters lave
Their rocky base with many a silver wave.
The stately vessel deck'd with naval pride,
Dances with grandeur o'er the swelling tide ;
Her waving streamers flutter in the wind,
Swiftly she sails, and leaves the shore behind.

Now pale-cy'd Cynthia mounts her silver car,
And throws her beams of borrow'd light afar ;
Trembling, behold them sport along the main,
And add new graces to the charming scene.
Delighted, here I stand—delighted, pause ;—
Reflect with rev'rence on the *great first cause!*
BEING omnipotent ! thy boundless sway
Extends o'er highest heaven, o'er earth and sea ;
Directs the worlds that roll beyond our ken,
And much thy goodness yields to sinful men.
All praise, all adoration's due to thee,
For all thy mercies may I grateful be ;
Ne'er may my heart forget its gracious LORD,
But bend submissive to his awful word.—

*FUGITIVE.**

Al! what avail my falling tears ;
My piercing sighs are vain ;
Nor wild despair, nor trembling fears,
Can bring her back again !

Mary is fled ! the loveliest maid !
Cold is her heart, and in the dark tomb laid.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.*



COME, gentle sleep ! and weigh my eye-lids down ;
O'er my sad head extend thy friendly hand :
In balmy slumbers all my sorrows drown,
And wave, O mild eye'd *peace* ! thy *olive wand*.

Let no ill dreams molest my soft repose ;
But sweetly easy may I sink to rest :
(On mortal grief soon may these eye-lids close ;)
And *peace* unrival'd triumph in my breast.

LINES

WRITTEN

*IN A PRAYER BOOK.**

WITHIN this sacred page, for peace I seek !

To calm the anguish of my troubled breast ;

To wipe the tear from off my pallid cheek ;

To stop my sighs, and sooth my woes to rest :

Hail ! fair *religion* ! hail ! thou heavenly pow'r,

'Tis thou canst cheer affliction's dreary hour.

*INSCRIPTION FOR A FAVOURITE SEAT.**

SACRED to friendship, and to love,

Remain for ever here ;

May no rude hand this seat remove ;

Bedew'd with many a tear.

'Twas here I spent the social hour,

With her my heart approv'd ;

Here spoke of gen'rous friendship's pow'r,

To the sweet girl I lov'd.

Mild as the gentle breath of spring,

Soft as the vernal dew ;

Swiftly on time's light transient wing,

The pleasing moments flew.

*RESIGNATION.**

BE calm, my soul ! return unto thy rest ;
Hush'd be this tumult in my throbbing breast ;
Submit to heaven ! bend to its just design,
To ev'ry change endeavour to resign !
For know ! that GOD who form'd thee out of naught,
Guided thy reason, and inspir'd thy thought,
Will still protect, and lead thro' life's dark way,
To scenes of endless bliss, and everlasting day.

TO SLANDER.*



AH! keen-tooth'd slander, point thy shaft at me,
Let all thy venom'd wrath be pour'd,
Wound deep MY PEACE, and fully my white fame;
But spare my——spare her sacred dust,
Nor with thy pois'nous breath profane her shade,
Ye angel ministers who guard the dead,
With strictest care watch o'er her hallow'd urn,
Nor let th' unholy feet of slander dare
Approach the spot where her blest relic lie :*

* These lines were written in the days of childhood on hearing the memory of one reviled whose fine understanding, shining talents, meekness, afflictions, and resignation, ought to have insured her the admiration EVEN OF HER ENEMIES.

ON VIEWING THE RUINS OF K—— ABBEY,
DEVONSHIRE.*



HERE pale-eyed superstition held his reign,
Ruling his vot'ries with terrific sway;
To midnight vigils wak'd the vestal train,
Glooming the *cherub reason's* lucid ray.
Methinks, e'en now, I view the narrow cell,
The high-rais'd roof, and rudely-sculptur'd wall;
In fancy's ear, now sounds the ev'ning knell,
The vesper hymn, and pensive nun's foot-fall.
Lo! thro' the long drawn cloister's chilly gloom,
While the faint taper scarcely marks the way,
I see a child of error seek the tomb
Of martyr'd faint:—before his shrine to pay.

I hear the ardent vow, the trembling sigh,
View the uplifted hands, and frenzied gaze
And hark!—yon screaming owlet flitting by
Awoke my senses from th' unreal maze
Of wand'ring thought.—And now the ruined pile
O'er whose rude form the ivy throws a veil,
I pensive mark from the lorn church-yard stile,
And with the moral lay the ruin hail!
Like this fall'n pile my frame will soon decay,
And mingle friendly with its native clay!

DESCRIPTION

OF

A BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

HER cheeks the bloom of health disclose,

Her eyes the hare-bell's glossy hue ;

Her pouting lips the budding rose,

Gem'd with the radiant morning hue.

ELLEN AND EDWARD.

“ To-morrow shall the traveller come ;
“ He that saw me in my beauty
“ Shall come : His eyes will search the
“ Field, but they will not find me.”

OSSIAN



SLOW as I tread the devious woods among,
While thick'ning glooms enwrap creation round ;
The last faint warble of the shepherd's song
Trills in soft cadence o'er the dewy mound.

Now busy mem'ry conjures up the past,
A fleeting visionary scene appears;
The forms I view—wild, trembling, and aghast,
The meagre phantoms of departed years.
Behold yon ruined, desolated spot,
Where the rank hemlock waves its baleful leaves;
'Twas once a peaceful, neat, and simple cot,
Though now its mould'ring walls the ivy wreaths.
There dwelt a maid, fair as the infant day,
The sweetest blossom of yon little vale:
To her each shepherd tun'd his love-lorn lay,
And hymn'd her praises to the balmy gale.
Beauteous she was, and innocent, and gay,
Nor form'd a wish beyond her lowly state;
She rose to gladness with the morning ray,
And sunk to rest with conscious worth elate.
Ne'er had she known a parent's watchful care,
Yet fondly cherish'd by a faithful friend,
She felt no wants, she dropp'd no bitter tear,
Nor had with aught of sorrow to contend.

Sweetly secluded from the gaudy world,
In calm retirement Ellen past the day;
No envious thoughts by way-ward fancy hurl'd,
'Venom'd content, or quench'd its genial ray.
On the green margin of a silv'ry stream,
One eve as gentle Ellen pensive hied,
To mark the wan moon's clear, tho' borrow'd beam,
Dance in gay sparkles on the rippling tide.
Enchain'd by meditation's magic spell,
Her form impended o'er th' unruffled wave,
When sudden from the fedy bank she fell,
And sighing—sunk into a lucid grave.
It chanc'd, a noble youth, mild, generous, brave,
As o'er the dew-deck'd field he thoughtful stray'd,
Beheld her light form cleave the lustrous wave,
And rush'd to save from death the lovely maid.
Fet by humanity—unaw'd by dread,
Dauntless he plunges in the glittering stream,
Clasps the fair nymph, and bears her to the mead,
Where now yon time-worn ruins faintly gleam.

There o'er the maiden's form he raptur'd hung,
Mark'd life's empurpl'd glow expressive eye,
Drank bland delicious poison from her tongue,
Admiring look'd and breath'd th' empassion'd sigh.
Allied by sympathy's mysterious aid,
Their souls full soon conceiv'd a mutual love;
In each fond heart imperial honour sway'd,
Blended with all the mildness of the dove.
Ah! luckless pair! wove in the loom of fate;
Gaunt misery's tissued with thy tender love,
An ebon train of direful ills await,
That e'en the breast of apathy might move.
From noble parents Edward claim'd his birth,
Vain of their fortunes, of their titles proud;
Lofty, vindictive, stern to modest worth,
Meanly obsequious to the wealthy crowd.
Stern anger fir'd the incens'd father's soul
Soon as the lovers passion reach'd his ears;
Nor honour—reason—could his ire controul,
Or for a moment calm his haughty fears.

“ Shall Edward! pride and glory of my house,
“ Mingle his honours with the plebeian tribe?
“ Rather may every vengeful pow’r arouse,
“ To mar his peace—than Ellen be his bride.”

Soon ’fore sweet Ellen’s vine-clad cot

The imperious Baron frown’d,
Accurs’d her beauty, spurn’d her humble lot,
And swore to hurl his direful vengeance round.

“ Sorc’refs, away, (the insensate noble cry’d)
“ Or dread the fury of my just revenge:
“ Thou dar’st not, feeble wretch, my pow’r deride;
“ Thou can’st not, witch, my might will avenge.”

The weary pilgrim, journeying on his way,
With horror hears the scowling tempest roll,
Around his brow the vivid light’nings play,
Wild chilling fears his trembling heart appal.

The torrent rushing from the mountain top,
Spreads o’er the plain its desolating pow’r,
Crushes the golden harvest’s waving crop,
Drenches the daisied mead—destroys the infant flow’r.

Chill curl'd the blood around the maiden's heart,

Affrighted reason trembl'd on her throne,

Terrific madness ran thro' every part,

Pour'd the wild shrieks, and breath'd the heart-felt groan.

In vain the aged Agnes strove to calm

The throbbing anguish of her woe-fraught breast ;

In vain she strove to pour religion's balm,

To sooth with solemn love her griefs to rest.

Alas! the lovely maniac, wild and sad,

Soon as obscurity her curtain drew,

Alone—disconsolate—reckless—MAD

O'er the bleak heath in fallen silence flew,

Now morning shed her orient pearls around,

The day-star threw a last faint ling'ring ray,

When Edward wand'ring o'er the furrow'd ground

Towards lovely Ellen's cottage bent his way.

Her virtues—beauties—was the precious theme

That warm'd his fancy, that engaged his thought ;

Empassion'd ardour from his fire eyes beam,

With love and rapture every sense is fraught.

But ah! what mean those mad'ning shrieks,
That hollow shiv'ring terror-striking moan,
That thro' the stillness of the morning breaks:
Sure 'tis departing life's last fault'ring groan!
He fearful flarts—he listens—flarts again,
And bursting thro' the hazle-tangl'd fence
Beholds his Ellen—lovliest of the plain,
Struggl'ing and writh'd with agony intense.—
O! Ellen! Ellen! speak my foul's best love,
Thy Edward calls thee from the shades of death;
Will not his sighs thy gentle spirit move—
Will not his pray'rs retard thy passing breath.
Returning reason gem'd the maiden's eyes
Soon as her Edward's well-known tones she hears;
She clasp'd his hand with eager fond surprise,
And for a moment calm'd his horrent fears.
“Edward, I would the fateful tale relate,
“Swiftly the world recedes from view——
“Thy father!—Oh!—it is—it is—too late——
“Edward!—beloved youth!—a last adieu!”

“ I come, my sweetest Ellen—Edward’s doom,”

He frantic cry’d, “ is firmly wove with thine,

“ We’ll rest together in the friendly tomb,

“ Tho’ torn from *life* in *death* thou *shalt* be mine.”

Then from her pallid lips an holy kiss

He snatch’d—look’d up to heaven, and sigh’d,

“ Soon shall our spirits hail the realms of bliss!

“ Ellen, I come!” he clasp’d the maid and dy’d!



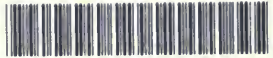
✚ The Poems marked thus * were written at an early
age.

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